SIMON DALE.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

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CHAPTER XIL-CONTINUED. Monmouth's strange submission won no praise. M. de Perrencourt did not accord the speech so much courtesy as lay in an answer. His silent, slight bow was all his acknowledgment. He stood there waiting for his command to be obeyed.

Monmouth turned once toward Barbara, but

his eyes came back to M. de Perrencourt. Car-ford advanced to him and offered his arm. The Duke laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. moment they stood still thus, then both bowed low to M. de Perrencourt, who answered with another of his slight inclinations of the head. They turned and walked out of the ball. the Duke seeming almost to stagger, and to lean on Carford, as though he sought to steady steps. As they went they passed within two yards of me, and I saw Monmouth's face pale with rage. With a long indrawing of my breath I drew back into the shadow of my shelter. They passed, the hall was empty save for myself and the two there by the wall.

I had no thought now of justifying my part of eavesdropper. Scruples were drowned in excitement. Keen interest bound me to my lace with chains of iron. My brain was full or previous suspicion thrice magnified; all that was mysterious in 'this man came back to me. The message I had surprised at Canberbury rang echoing through my head again and again. Yet I bent myself to the task of istening, resolute to catch every word. Alas! my efforts were in vain. M. de Perrencourt was of different clay from his Grace the Duke. He was indeed speaking now, but so low and warily that no more than a gentle murmur They were as far from Monmouth's jovial violence as his tones from the Duke's reckless exclaiming. He was urgent but courteous, most elaimed and challenged. M. de Perrencourt seemed to beseech and woo. Yet he asked as though none could refuse, and his prayer presumed a favorable answer. Barbara listened in quiet. I could not tell whether fear alone bound her, or whether the soft, courtly voice bred fascination also. I was half mad that I could not hear, and had much ado not to rush out, unprovoked, and defy the man before whom my master had bowed almost to the ground. beaten and dismayed.

At last she spoke a few hurried, imploring words. "No, no," she panted. "No, pray leave me,

M. de Perrencourt answered gently and beseeechingly:

"Nay, say 'Not yet,' madam."

They were silent again, he seeming to regard her intently. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands; yet, dropping her hands almost immediately, she set her eyes on his. I saw him shake his head.

"For to-night, then, good night, fairest lady." said he. He took her hand and kissed it lightly, bowing very low and respectfully, she looking down at him as he stooped. Then he drew away from her, bowing again and repeating

"For to-night, good night." With this he turned toward the stairs, crossing the hall with the same brisk, confident tread that had marked his entry. He left her, but it looked as though she were indulged, not he defeated. At the lowest step he paused, turned, bowed low again. This time she answered with a deep and sweeping courtesy. Then he was gone, and she was leaning by the wall again, her face buried in her hands. I

heard her sob and her broken words reached "What shall I do! O, what shall I do!" At once I stepped out from the hiding place that had shown me such strange things, and, crossing to her, hat in hand, answered her sad, desolate question.

"Why, trust in your friends, Mistress Bar-bara," said I cheerily. "What else can any lady do!"

"Simon!" she cried eagerly, and, as I thought gladly, for her hand flew out to mine. "You here!" gladly, for her hand flew out to mine. "You bere?"

"And at your service always," said I.
"But have you been here! Where did you come from?"

"Why, from across the hall, behind the chair there," I answered. "I've been there a long while back. His Grace told me to wait in the hall, and in the hall I've waited, though the Duke, having other things to think of, forgot both his order and his servant."

"Then you heard!" she asked in a whisper.

"All, I think, that the Duke said. Lord Carfora said nothing. I was about to interrupt his Grace when the task was better performed for me. I think, madame, you owe some thanks to M. de Perrencourt."

"You heard what he said?"

last few words only," I answered re-

"You heard what he said?"
"The last few words only," I answered regretfully.
She looked at me for an instant, and then said with a dreary little smile:
"I'm to be grateful to M. de Perrencourt."
"I know no other man who could or would have rid you of the Duke so finely. Besides he appeared to treat you with much courtesy,"
"Courtesy, yes!" she cried, but seemed to check herself. She was still in a great agritation, and a moment later she covered her face and I heard her sob again.
"Come, take heart," said I. "The Duke's a great man, of course, but no harm shall come to you, Mistress Barbara. Your father bade me have my services in readiness for you, and although I didn't need his order as a spur. I may pray leave to use it as an excuse for thrusting myself en you."
"Indeed, I—I'm glad to see you, Simon. But what shall I do! Ah, heaven, why did I sver come to this place!"
"That can be mended by leaving it, madame."
"But how! How can I leave it!" she asked despairing!y.
"The Duchess will grant you leave."

despairingly.

"The Duchess will grant you leave."

"Without the King's consent!"

"But won't the King consent! Madame
will ask for you; she's kind."

"Madame won't ask for me; nobody will ask

for me."
Then, if leave be impossible, we must go "Then, if leave be impossible, we must go without leave if you speak the word."
"Ah, you don't know," she said sadly. Then she caught my hand again and whispered hurriedly and fearfully: "I'm afraid, Simon. I—I fear him. What can I do! How can I resist; they can do what they will with me, what can I do! If I weep, they laugh; if I try to laugh they take it for consent. What can I do!"
There is nothing toat so binds a man to a woman as to feel her hand seeking his in weakness and appeal. I had thought that one day so Barbara's might seek mine, and I should exult in it, nay, might even let her perceive my triumph. The thing I had dreamed of was come, but where was my exultation! There was a choking in my throat, and I swallowed twice before I contrived to answer.
"Malas, slas!" she cried, between tears and

"What can we do, you man, and bara."

"Alas, alas!" she cried, between tears and laughter, "what can we—even we—do, Simon!"

I noticed that she called me Simon, as in the sld days before my apostacy and great offence. I was glad of it, for if I was to be of service to her we must be friends. Suddenly she said:

"You know what it means—I can't tell you; you know!"

"You know what it means—I can't tell you; you know?"
"Aye, I know," said I. "None better. But the Duke shan't have his way."
"The Duke if It is were only the Duke—Ah!" She stopped, a new alarm in her eyes. She searched my face eagerly. Of deliberate purpose, I set it to an immutable stolidity.
"Already he's very docile," said I. "See how M. de Perrencourt turned and twisted him, and sent him off creatfallen."
She laid her hand on my arm.
"If I might tell you," she said, "a thing that few know here; none but the King and his hear kindred and one or two more."
"But how came you to know of it?" I interrupted.

rupted. "There are many ways of coming to know a thing," said I. "One is by being told; another, madame, is by finding out. Certainy it was amazing how M. de Perrencourt dealt with his Grace; aye, and with my Lord Carford, who ahrank out of his path as though he had been—a King." I let my tones give the last word full effect.

a King." I let my tones give the last word full effect.
"Simon," she whispered in eagerness mingled with alarm, "Simon, what are you saying! Silence, for your life!"
"My life, madame, is rooted too deep for a syllable to tear it up. I said, only 'as though he had been a aing! Tell me why M. Colbert wears the King's star? Was it because somebody saw a gentleman wearing the King's star embrace and kiss M. de Perrencourt the night that he arrived!"

"It was Ju."
"It was I, madame. Tell me on whose account three messengers went to London carrying the words 'Il vient!"
She was hanging to my arm now, full of eag-"And tell me now what M. de Perrencourt said to you. A plague on him, he spoke so low A blush swept over her face; her eyes, losing the fire of excitement, dropped in confusion to

me, madame.

"Ab, Simon, you know I trust you."

"Yet you were angry with me."

"Not angry—I had no right—I mean I had no cause to be angry. I—I was grieved."

"You need be grieved no longer, madame."

"Poor Simon!" said she very gently. I felt the lightest pressure on my hand, the touch of two slim fingers, speaking of sympathy and comradeship.

comradeship.
"By God, I'll bring you safe out of it," I cried.
"But how, how? Simon, I fear that he

"But now, now!
has—"
"The Duke!"
"No, the—the other—M. de Perrencourt; he has set his heart on—on what he told me."
"A man may set his heart on a thing and yet not win it," said I grimly.
"Yes, a man—yes, Simon, I know; a man may—"

not win it, "said I grimly.

"Yes, a man—yes, Simon, I know; a man may—"
"Aye, and even a——"
"Hush, bush! If you were overheard—your life wouldn't be safe if you were overheard."
"What do I care!"
"What do I care!"
"But I care!" she cried, and added very hastily. "I'm selfish. I care, because I want your help."
"You shall have it. Against the Duke of Monmouth and against the—""
"Ah, be carefu!"
I would not be careful. My blood was up. My voice was loud and bold as I gave to M. de Perrencourt the name that was his, the name by which the frightened lord and the cowed Duke knew him, the name that gave him entrance to those inmost secret conferences, and yet kept him himself hidden and half a prisoner in the castle. The secret was no secret to me now.
"Against the Duke of Monmouth," said I sturdly. "And, also, if need be, against the King of France."

Barbara caught at my arm in alarm. I laughed, till I saw her finger point warily over my shoulder—with a start I turned and saw a man coming down the steps. In the dim light the bright star gleamed on his breast. He was M. Colbert de Croissy. He stood on the lowest step, peering at us through the gloom.

"Who speaks of the King of France here!" he said suspiciously.
"I, Simon Dale, gentleman-in-waiting to the Duke of Monmouth, at your Excellency's service," I answered, stepping toward him and making my bow.

"What have you to say of my master!" he demanded.

For a moment I was at a loss; for although my heart was full of thives that I should have

making my bow.

"What have you to say of my master?" he demanded.

For a moment I was at a loss; for although my heart was full of things that I should have taken much pleasure in saying concerning his Majesty, there were none of them acceptable to the ears of his Majesty's cuvoy. I stood looking at Colbert, and my eyes fell on the star that he wore. I knew that I committed an imprudence, but for the life of me I could not withstand the temptation. I made another bow, and smilling easily, answered M. Colbert.

"I was remarking, sir, 'said I, 'that the compliment paid to you by the King of England in bestowing on you the star from his Majesty's own breast could not fail to cause much gratification to the King of France.

He looked me hard in the eyes, yet his eyes fell to the ground before mine. I warrant be took nothing by his searching glance, and did well to give up the conflict. Without a word, and with a stiff little bow, he passed on his way to the hall. The moment he was gone Barbara was by me. Her face was alight with merriment.

"Oh. Simon, Simon!" she whispered reprov-

was by me. Her face was alight with merrament.

"Oh, Simon, Simon!" she whispered reprovingly. "But I love you for it!" And she was gone up the stairs like a flitting moonbeam.

Upon this, I, having my head full and to spare of many matters, and my heart beating quick with more than one emotion, thought my bed the best and safest place for me, and repaired to it without delay.

"But I'll have some conversation with M. do Perrencourt to-morrow," said I, as I turned on my pillow and sought to sleep.

CHAPTER XIII. THE MEED OF CURIOSITY.

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The next morning my exultation had gone. I woke a prey to despondency and sickness of soul. Not only did difficulty loom large and failure seem inevitable, but a disgust for all that surrounded me seized on my mind, displacing the zest of adventure and the excitement of enterprise. But let me not set my virtue too high. It is better to be plain. Old maxims of morality and a standard of right acknowledged by all but observed by none have little power over a young man's hot blood. To be stirred to indignation he must see the wrong threaten one he respects, touch one he loves, or menace his own honor and pride. I had supported the scandals of this court, of which I made a humble part, with shrugs, smiles, and acid jests. I had felt no dislike for the chief actors and no horror at the things they did or attempted. Nay, for one of them who might seem to sum up in her own person the worst of all that was to be urged against King and court, I had cherished a desperate love that bred even in death an obstinate and longing memory. Now a change had come over me. I seemed to see no longer through my own careless eyes, but with the shamed and terrified vision of the girl who, cast into this furnace, caught at my hand as offering her the sole chance to pass unscathed through the fire. They were using her in their schemes. She was to be sacrificed. First she had been chosen as the lure with which to draw forth Monmouth's ambitions from their lair and reveal them to the spying eyes of York and his tool, Carford. If that plan were changed now she would be no better for the change. The King would and could refuse this M. de Perrencourt—I laughed bitterly as I muttered his name—nothing, however great. Without a thought he would fing the girl to him, if the all-powerful finger were raised to ask for her. Charles would think himself well paid by his brother King's complaisance toward his own inclination. Doubtless there were great bargains of policy a-making here in the castle, and the nature and the King's son did not venture to thwart him. What matter that men spoke of other loves which the French King had? The gallants of Peris might think us in England rude and gnorant, but at least we learned that a large heart was a prerogative of royalty which even the Parliament dared not question. With a new loathing I loathed it all, for it seemed now to lay aside its trappings of pomp and brillancy, of jest and wit, and display itself before me in ugly nakedness, all unashamed. In sudden frenzy I sat up in my bed crying. "Heaven will find a way." For surely heaven could find one, where devil found so many. Ah, righteous wert thou, Simon Dale, so soon as unrighteousness hurt thee. But Phineas Tate might nave preached until the end of time. Earlier than usual by an hour Jonah Wall

as unrighteousness hurt thee. But Phineas Tate might have preached until the end of time. Earlier than usual by an hour Jonah Wall came up from the town where he was lodged, but he found me up and dressed, eager to act. ready for what might chance. I had seen little of the fellow lately, calling on him for necessary services only and ridding myself of his sombre company as quickly as I could. Yet I looked on him to-day with more consideration; his was a repulsive form of righteousness, srim and gloomy, but it was righteousness, or sem disuch to me against the background of iniqu..., which threw it up in strong relief. I spoke to him kindly, but, taking no heed of my advances, he came straight up to me and said brusquely: "The woman who came to your lodging in London is here in Dover. She bids you be allont and come quickly. I can lead you."

I started and stared at him. I had set "Finis" to that chapter; was fate minded to overrule me and write more? Strange also that Jonah Wall should play Mercury.

"She here in Dover! For what!" I asked, as calinly as I could.

"I don't doubt, for sin," he answered uncompromisingly.

"Yet, you can lead me to her house!" and I

"She here in Dover! For what?" I asked, as calmy as I could.
"I don't doubt, for sin," he answered uncompromisingly.
"Yet you can lead me to her house?' said I, with a smile.
"I can," said he, in sour disregard of my hinted banter.
"It won't go," I declared.
"The matter concerns you she said, and might concern another.
It was early; the court would not be moving for two hours yet. I could go and come, and thereby lose no opportunity. Curiosity led me on and with it the attraction which still draws us to those we have loved, though the love be gone and more pain than pleasure wait on our visiting. In ten minutes I was following Jonah down the cliff and plunged thence into a narrow street that ran curling and curving 'oward the sea. Jonah held on quickly and without hesitation until we reached a confined alley and came to a halt before a mean house.
"She's here," said Jonah, pointing to the door and twisting his face as though he were swallowing something nauscous.
I could not doubt of her presence, for I heard her voice singing gayly from within. My heart bent quick, and I had above half a mind not to enter. But she had seen us and herself flung the door wide open. She lodged on the ground floor, and in obedience to her beckoning finger I entered a small room. Lodging was hard to be had in Dover now and the apartment served her (as the bed, carelessly covered with a curtain, showed) for sleeping and living. I did not notice what became of Jonah, but sat down, puzzled and awkward, in a crary chair.
"What brings you here!" I blurted out, fixing my eyes on her, as she stood opposite to me, smiling and swaying to and fro a little, with her hands on her hips.
"Even what brings you. My business," she answered. "If you ask more, the King's invitation. Does that grieve you, Simon!"
"No. madam." said I.
"A little, still a little, Simon! Be consoled! The King invited me, but he hasn't come to see me! These certain things, but my cyes, though they are counted good, if not large, can't pierce the walls of the castle yonder,

lenly.
"Yet some things I know. As that a French lady is there. Of what appearance is she, "She is very pretty, so far as I've looked at "She is very pretty, so far as I've looked at her."
"Ab, and you've a discriminating glance haven't you! Will she stay long!"
"They say madame will be here for ten or fourteen days yes."
"And the French lady goes when madame goes!"
"I don't know as to that."
"Why, nor I neither." She paused an in-

stant. "You don't love Lord Carford?" Her question came abruptly and unlooked for.

"I don't know your meaning." What concern had Carford with the French lady!

"I think you are in the way to learn it. Love makes men quick, doean't it! Yes, since you ask (your cres asked), why, !'Il confess that I'm a little sorry that you fail in love again. But that by the way, Simon, neither do I love this French lady."

Had it not been for that morning's mood of mine she would have wwn on me again, and all my resolutions gone for naught. But she, not knowing the working of my mind, took no pains to hide or to soften what repelled me in her. I had seen it before, and yet loved; to her it would seen strange that because a man saw he should not love. I found myself sorry for her with a new and pitiful grief, but passion did not rise in me. And concerning my pity I held my tongue; she would have only wonder and mockery for it. But I think that she was yexed to see me so unmoved; it irks a woman to lose a man, however little she may have prized held my tongue; she would have only wonder and mockery for it. But I think that she was vexed to see me so unmoved; it irs a woman to lose a man, however little she may have prized him when he was her own. Nor do I mean to say that we are different from their sex in that; it is. I take it, nature in woman and man alike.

"At least, we're friends, Simon," she said with a laugh. "And at least, we're Protestants." She laughed again. I looked up with a questioning glance. "And at least, we both hate the French," she continued.

"It's true. I have no love for them. What then! What can we do!"
She looked round cautiously, and coming a little nearer to me, whispered:

"Late last sight I had a visitor, one who does not love me greatly. What does that matter! We row now in the same boay. I speak of the Duke of Buckingham."

"He is reconciled to my Lord Arlington by madame's good offices," said I. For so the story ran in the castle.

"Why, yes, he is reconciled to Arlington as the dog to the cast when their master is by. Now, there's a thing that the Duke suspects, and there's another thing that he knows. He suspects that this treaty touches more than war with the Dutch, though that I hate, for war swallows the King's money like a well."

"Some passes the mot. h of the well, if report speaks true," I observed.

"Peace, Simon; the treaty touches more."

"A man need not be Duke nor Minister to suspect that," said I.

"Ah, you suspect! The King's religion!" she whispered.

I nedded. The secret was no surverise to me.

pect that," said 1.
"Ah, you suspect! The King's religion!"
she whispered.
I nodded. The secret was no surprise to me,
though I had not known whether Buckingham were in it.
"And what does the Duke of Buckingham know!" I asked.

"And what does the state of the know!" I asked.
"Why, that the King sometimes listens to a woman's counsel." said she, nodding her head and smiling very wisely.
"Prodigious asgacity." I cried. "You told the that maybe."

know! I asked.

"Why, that the King sometimes listens to a woman's counsel," said she, nodding her head and smiling very wisely.

"Prodigious sagacity." I cried. "You told him that, maybe."
Indeed, he had learned it before my day, Master Simon. Therefore, should the King turn Catholic, he will be a better Catholic for the society of a Catholic lady. Now, this madame—do you name her?"

"Mme. de Quérousille?"

"Mme. de Quérousille?"

"Aye, she is a most devout Catholic, Indeed, her devotion to her religion knows no bounds. It's like mine to the King. Don't frown, Simon. Loyalty is a virtue."

"And plety also by the same rule and in the same unstinted measure?" I asked hitterly.

"Beyond doubt, sir. But the French King has sent word from Calais—"

"Oh, from Calais! The Duke revealed that to you?" I asked with a smile! could not smother. There was a limit then to the Duke's confidence in his ally; for the Duke had been at Paris and could be no stranger to M. de Perrencourt.

"Yes, he told me all. The King of France has sent word from Calais, where he awaits the signing of the treaty, that the loss of this Mme. de Quérouaille would rob his court of beauty and he cannot be so bereft. And madame, the Duke says, swears she can't be robbed of her fairest maid of honor ('tis a good name that, on my life) and left desolate. But madame has seen one who might make up the loss, and the King of France, having studied the lady's plcture, thinks the same. In fine, Simon, our King feels that he can't be a good Catholic without the counsels of Mme. de Quérouaille, and the French King feels that he must by all means convert and save so fair a lady as—is the name on your tongue, nay, is it in your heart, Simon?"

"I know whom you mean." I answered, for her revelation came to no more than what I had scented out for myself. "But what says Buckingham to this?"

"And hinder it?"

"Ane hinder it?"

"Aye, if he can hinder the French King from having his way, And for this purpose his Grace has need of certain thinga."

"Do you carry a mes

ne hrat true, the second long, the third strong, and the fourth ready."

"I fear then that I haven't all of them."

"And for reward—"

"I know. His life, if he can come off with it."

Nell burst out laughing.

"He didn't say that, but it may well reckon no to much that figure." she admitted. "You'll think of it. Simon!"

"Think of it! I! Not I!"

"You won't!"

"Or I mightn't attempt it!"

"Of a certainty."

"You're very ready. Is it all honesty!"

"Is ever anything all honesty, madame—saving your devotion to the King!"

"And the French lady's to her religion!" laughed Nell. "Of a truth I think the picture that the King of France saw was a fair one. Have you looked on it, Simon!"

"On my life I don't love her."

"On my life you will."

"You seek to stop me by that prophecy!"

"I don't care whom you love, "said she. Then her face broke into smiles. "What liars women are!" she cried. "Yes, I do care, not enough to grown half a lady and could—"

"You stop!"

"Could—could—could slap your face, Simon."

"It would be a light infliction after breaking a man's heart," said I turning my cheek to her

"Could—could—could slap your face, Simon."
"It would be a light infliction after breaking a man's heart," said I, turning my cheek to her a-d beckoning with my hand.
"You should have a revenge on my face; not in kind, but in kindness. I can't strike a man who won't hit back." She laughed at me with all her old enticing gayety.

I had almost scaled the bargain; she was so roguish and so pretty. Had we met first then, it is very likely she would have made the offer and very certain that I should have taken it. But there had been other days, I sighed.
"I loved you too well once to kiss you now, mistress," said I.

But there had been other days, I sighed.
"I loved you too well once to kiss you now,
mistress," said I.
"You're mighty strange at times, Simon,"
said she, sighing also, and lifting her brows,
"Now I'd as lief kiss a man I had loved as any
other."

"Now I'd as her kiss a man I had loved as ofter."

"Or slap his face!"

"If I'd never care to kiss, I'd never care for the other either. You rise!"

"Why, yes. I have my commission, haven't." "Why, yes. I have my conductive it."
"I give you this one also, and yet you keep it."
"Is that slight not yet forgiven?"
"All is forgiven and all is forgotten—nearly,

Simon."
At this instant—and since man is human woman persistent and courtesy imperative, I did not quarrel with the interruption—a sound came from the room above, strange in a house where Nell lived iff she will pardon so much candor), but oddly familiar to me. I held up my hand and listened. Nell's rippling laugh broke in.

"Plague on him!" she cried. "Yes, he's here. Of a truth he's resolute to sonvert me, and the fool amuses me."

my hand and listened. Nell's rippling laugh broke in.

"Plague on him?" she cried. "Yes, he's here. Of a truth he's resolute to sonvert me, and the fool aniuses me."

"Phineas Tate?" I exclaimed, amazed, for the beyond doubt his was the voice. I could tell his intonation of a penitential psalm among a thousand. I had heard it in no other key.

"You didn't know! Yet that other fool, your servant, is always with him. They've been closeted together for two hours at a time."

"Psalm singing?"

"Now and again. They're often quiet, too."

"He preaches to you."

"Only a little. When we chance to meet at the door he gives me a curse, and promises a blessing no more.

"It's very little to come to Dover for."

"You would have come further for less of my company once, sir."

It was true, but it did not solve my wonder at the presence of Phineas Tale. What brought the fellow! Had he also sniffed out something of what was afoot, and come to fight for his religion even as Louise de Quérouaille fought for hers, though in a most different fashion?

I had reached the door of the room and was in the passage. Nell came to the threshold and stood there smilling. I had asked no more questions and made no conditions. I knew that Buckingham must not show himself in the matter, and that all was left to me, heart, head, hand, sword, and also the same reward, if I were so lucky as to come by it. I waited for a moment, half expecting that Phineas, hearing my voice, would show hinself but he did not appear. Nell waved her hand to me. I bowed and took my leave, turning my steps back toward the castle. The court would be awake, and whether on my own account or for my new commission's sake, I must be there.

I had not mounted far before I leard a puffing and blowing behind. The sound proved to come from Jonah Wall, who was tolling after me, had not mounted far before I leard a puffing and blowing behind. The sound proved to come from Jonah Wall, who was tolling after me, had not mounted far before I had no eagerness for Jonah's society, but

bidding him stew his lead safely in my quarters. Then I repaired to the Duke of Mommonth's apartments, wondering in what mood I should find him after last night's rebuil. Little did he think that I had been a witness of it. I entered his room; he was sitting in his chair. With him was Carford. The Duke's face was as glum and his air as ill-tempered as I could wish. Carford's manner was subdued, calm, and sympathetic. They were talking earnestly as I entered, but ceased their conversation at once. I offered my services.

"I have no need of you this morning, Simen," answersed the Duke. "I'm engaged with Lord Carford."

I retired. But of a truth that morning every one in the castle was engaged with some one clse. At every turn I came on couples in anxious consultation. The approach of an intruder brought immediate silence, the barest civility delayed him, his departure was received gladly, and was signal for renewed consultation. Well, the King sets the mode, and the King, I heard, was closeted with madame and the Duke of York.

But not with M. de Perrencourt. There was a hundred feet of the wall, with a guard at one end and a guard at the other, and midway between them a solltary figure stood looking down on Dover town and thence out to sea. In an instant I recognized him, and a great desire came over me to speak to him. He was the formost man alive in that day, and I longed to speak with him. To have known the great is to have tasted the true flavor of your times. But how to pass the sentires. Their presence meant that M. de Perrencourt desired privacy. I stepped up to one and offered to pass. He barred the way.

"But I'm in the service of his Grace for the French well of the way.

"Won't his head serve as well as his order!" I asked, slipping a crown into his hand. "Come, I're a message from his Grace for the French gentleman. Yes, it's private. Deuce take it, do fathers always know of their son's doings!"

"No, nor sons all their father's sometimes," he chuckled. "Along with you quick, and run if you hear me w

I was alone in the sacred space with M. de

I was alone in the sacred space with M. de Perrencourt. I assumed an easy air, and sauntered along till I was within a few yards of him. Hearing my step then, he looked round with a start and asked peremptorily:

"What's your desire, sir!"

By an avowal of himself, even by quoting the King's order, he could banish me. But if his cue were concealment and ignorance of the order, why I might indulge my curiosity.

"Like your own, sir," I replied courteously, "a breath of fresh air and a sight of the sea."

He frowned a little, but I gave him no time to speak.

He frowned a little, but I gave min no time to speak.

"That fellow, though," I pursued, "gave me to understand that none might pass; yet the King is not here, is he!"

"Then how did you pass, sir!" asked M. de Perrencourt, ignoring my last question.

"Why, with a lie, sir," I answered. "I said I had a message for you from the Duke of Monmouth, and the fool believed me. But we gentlemen in attendance must stand by one another. You'll not betray me. Your word on it!"

themen in attendance must stand by one another. You'll not betray me. Your word on it?"

A slow smile broke across his face.

"No. I'll not betray, you," said he. "You speak French well, sir."

"So M. de Fontelles, whom I met at Canterbury, told me. Do you chance to know him, sir!"

M. de Perrencourt did not start now; I should have been disappointed if he had.

"Yery well, he answered. "If you're his friend you're mine," He held out his hand.

"I take it on false pretnees," said I with a laugh, as I shook it. "For we came near to quarrelling, M. de Fontelles and I."

"Ah, on what point!"

"An othing, sir."

"Nay, but tell me."

"Indeed I will not, if you'll pardon me."

"Sir, I wish to know. I ins—I beg." A stare from me had stopped the "insist" when it was half way through his lips. On my soul, he flushed! I tell my children sometimes now I made him flush; the thing was not done often. Yet his confusion was but momentary, and suddenly, I know not how. I in my turn became abashed with the cold stare of his eyes, and when he asked me my name, I answered boldly with never a bow and never a flourish, "Simon Dale."

"I have heard your name," said he gravely. Then he turned round and began looking at the sea again.

Now, had he been wearing his own clothes sea again.

Now, had he been wearing his own clothes sea again.

Now, had he been wearing his own clothes sea again.

Now, had he been wearing his own clothes sea again.

Now, had he been wearing his own clothes sea again.

Now, had he been wearing his own clothes sea again.

Now, had he been wearing his own clothes and may so say) this conduct would have been a dismissal and I should have passed on my way. But a man should he consistent in his disguises, and from M. de Perrencourt, gentleman in waiting, the behavior was mighty uncivil. Yet my revenge must be indirect.

"Is it true, sir," I asked, coming close to him, "that the King of France is yonder at Calais!

"Is it true, sir," I asked, coming close to him, "that the King of France is yonder at Calais! So it's said."
"I believe it to be true," answered M. de Per-"I believe it to be true," answered M. de Perrenceurt.

"I wish he had come over," I cried. "I should love to see him, for they say that he's a very proper man, although he's somewhat short."

M. de Perrencourt did not turn his head, but again I saw his check flush. To speak of his low stature was, I had heard Monmouth say, to commit the most dire offence in King Louis's eves.

to commit the most aire offence in King Louis seyes,
"Now, how tall is the King, sir!" I asked.
"Is he as tall as you, sir!"
M. de Perrencourt was still silent. To tell the truth 1 began to be a little uneasy; there were cells under the castle and I had need to be at large for the coming few days.

"For," said I, "they tell such lies concerning Princes."

"For," said I, "they tell such lies concerning Princes."

Now he turned toward me, saying:
"There you're right, sir. The King of France is of middle size, about my own height."

For the life of me I could not resist it. I said nothing with my tongue, but for a moment I allowed my cyes to say, "but, then, you're short, sir." He understood, and for the third time he flushed.

"I thought as much," said I, and with a bow I began to walk on. "I thought as much," said I, and with a bow I began to walk on.

But as ill-luck would have it, I was not to come clear off from my indiscretion. In a moment I should have been out of sight. But as I started I saw a gentieman pass the guard, who stood at the salute. It was the King; escape was impossible. He walked straight up to me, bowing carclessly in response to M. de Perrencourt's deferential inclination of his person.

"How came you here, Mr. Dale!" he asked abriptly. "The guard tells me that he informed you of my orders, and that you insisted on passing."

formed you of my orders, and that you insisted on passing.

M. de Perrencourt felt that his turn was come; he stood there smiling. I found nothing to say, if I repeated my fiction of a message the French gentleman, justly enraged, would betray me.

"M. de Perrencourt seemed lonely, sir," I answered at last.

"A little loneliness hurts no man," said the King. He took out his tablets and began to write. When he was done he gave me the message, adding, "Read it." I read, "Mr. Simon Dale will remain under arrest in his own apartments for twenty-four hours, and will not leave them except by the express command of the King." I made a wry face.

"If the Duke of Monmouth wants me—" I began, "He'll have to do wither two. W. Dele."

gan.
"He'll have to do without you, Mr. Dale,"
interrupted the King, "Come, M. de Perrencourt, will you give me your arm!" And off he
went on the French gentleman's arm, leaving
me most utterly abashed and cursing the curiosity that had brought me to this trouble.

went on the French gentleman's arm, leaving me most utterly abashed and cursing the curiosity that had brought me to this trouble.

"So much for the Duke of Huckingham's long head," said I to myself ruefully, as I made my way foward the constable tower in which his Grace was lodged, and where I had my small quarters.

Indeed I might well feel a foel, for the next twenty-four hours, during which I was to be a prisoner, would in all likelihood see the issue in which I was pledged to bear a part. Now I could do nothing. Yet at least I must send speedy word to the town that I was no longer to be looked to for any help, and when I reached my room I called loudly for Jonah Wall. It was but the middle of the day, yet he was not to be seen. I walked to the door and found, not Jonah, but a guard on duty.

"What are you doing here!"

"Seeing that you stay here, sir," he answered with a grin.

Then the King was very anxious that I should obey his orders, and had lost no time in assuring my obedience; he was right to take his meauros, for, standing where I did, his orders would not have restrained me, and I was glad that he had set a guard on me in lieu of asking my parole. For much as I hove sin, I hate temptation. Yet, where was Jonah Wall, and how could I send my message! I flung myself on the bed in deep despondency. A moment later the door opened and Robert, Darrell's servant, entered.

"My master begs to know if you will sup with him to night, sir."

"Thank him kindly," said I, "but if you ask that gentleman outside. Robert, he'll tell you that I must sup at home by the King's desire. I'm under street, Robert.

"My master begs to know if you will sup with him to night, sir."

"Thank him kindly," said I, "but if you ask that gentleman outside. Robert, he'll tell you that I must sup at home by the King's desire. I'm under street, Robert.

"My muster will be grieved to hear it, sir, and the more because he hoped that you would bring some wine will you, for he has none, and he has guests to sup with him."

"An au interes

master some."
"Jonah is liberal! But I'm glad, and assure
Mr. Darrell of it. Where is my rascal?"
"I saw him leave the castle about an hour
ago; Just after he spoke to me about the wine."
"Curse him! I wanted him. Well, take
the wine. There are six bottles that he got today."

the wine. There are six bottles that he got today."There is French wine here, sir, and Spanish.
May I take either!"
"Take the French in God's name. I don't
want that. I have had enough of France. Stay,
though I believe Mr. Darrell likes the Spanish
better."
"Yes, sir, but his guests will like the
French."
"And who are these guests!"
Hobert swelled with pride.
"I thought Jonah would have told you, sir,"
ald he. "The King is to sup with my master."
"Then," said I. "I'm well excused. For no
man knows better than the King why I can't
come."

The fellow took his bottles and went off grinning. I, being left, fell again to cursing myself for a fool, and in this occupation I passed the hours of the afternoon.

To be continued:

UNCLE JIM AND UNCLE BILLY.

By BRET HARTE.

Copyright, 1807, by Bret Harts. PART L They were partners. The avuncular title

was bestowed on them by Cedar Camp, possi-bly in recognition of a certain good-natured humor, quite distinct from the spasmodic exberant spirits of its other members, and possibly from what, to its youthful sense, seemed their advanced ages—which must have been at least 40. They had also set habits even in their improvidence, lost incalculable and un-payable sums to each other over suchre regularly every evening, and inspected their slules boxes punctually every Saturday for repairs which they never made. They even got to re-semble each other, after the fashion of old married couples, or, rather, as in matrimonial part-nerships, were subject to the domination of the stronger character; although in their case it is to be feared that it was the feminine Uncle Billy—enthusiastic, imaginative, and loqua-cicus—who swayed the masculine, steady-going and practical Uncle Jim. They had lived in the camp since its foundation in 1849; there seemed to be no reason why they shouldn't remain there until its inevitable evolution into a nining town. The younger members might leave through restless ambition or a desire for change and novelty; they were subject to no

such trifling mutation.

The rain was falling softly on the bark thatch of the cabin with a muffled murmur, like a sound heard through sleep. The southwest trades were warm even at that altitude, as the open door testified, although a fire of pine bark was flickering on the adobe hearth and striking out answering fires from the freshly scoured culinary utensils on the rush sideboard which Uncle Jim had cleaned that morning with his usual serious persistency. Their best clothes, which were interchangeable and worn alternately by each other on festal occasions nung on the walls, which were covered with a coarse sallcloth canvas instead of lath and plaster, and were diversified with pictures from illustrated papers and stains from the exterior weather. Two "bunks," like, ship's berths, an upper and lower one, occupied the gable end of this single apartment, and on beds of coarse sacking, filled with dry moss, were carefully rolled their respective blankets and pillows. They were the only articles not used in

common and their individuality was respected. Uncle Jim, who had been sitting before the fire, rose as the square bulk of his partner apfor the evening stove. By that sign he knew it was 9 o'clock; for the last six years Uncle Billy had regularly brought in the wood at that hour, and Uncle Jim had as regularly closed the door after him, and set out their single table, containing a greasy pack of cards taken from its drawer, a bottle of whiskey, and two tin drinking cups. To this was added a ragged memorandum book and a stick of pencil. The two men drew their stools to the table. "Hol' on a minit," said Uncle Billy.

His partner laid down the cards as Uncle Billy extracted from his pocket a pill box, and, opening it, gravely took a pill. This was clearly an innovation on their regular proceedings, for Uncle Billy was always in perfect health.
"What's this for!" asked Uncle Jim, half scornfully.
"Agin ager."

"You ain't got no ager," said Uncle Jim, with the assurance of intimate cognizance of his partner's physical condition,

"But it's a pow-ful preventive! Quinine! Saw this box at Riley's store, and laid out a quarter on it. We kin keep it here, comfortable, for evenings. It's mighty soothin' arter man's done a hard day's work on the river bar. Take one."
Uncle Jim gravely took a pill and swallowed

it, and handed the box back to his partner.
"We'll leave it on the table, sociable like, in case any of the boys come in." said Uncle Billy, taking up the cards. "Well, how do we stand!" Uncle Jim consulted the memorandum book. "You were owin' me sixty-two thousand dollars on the last game, and the limit's seventy-five

"Je whillikens!" ejaculated Uncle Billy, "Let He examined the book, feebly attempted to

challenge the additions, but with no effect on the total. "We oughter hev made the limit a hundred thousand," he said, seriously, "seventyfive thousand is only triffin' in a game like ours. And you've set down my claim at Angel's!" he "I allowed you ten thousand dollars for that."

said Uncle Jim, with equal gravity, "and it's a fancy price, too." The claim in question being an unprospected hillside ten miles distant, which Uncle Jim

had never seen, and Uncle Billy had not visited for years, the statement was probably true. Nevertheless, Uncle Billy retorted:
"Ye kin never tell how these things will pan out. Why, only this morain' I was takin' a turn round Shot Up Hill, that ye know is jest rotten with quartz and gold, and I couldn't help thinkin' how much it was like my ole claim at Angel's. I must take a day off to go on there

Angel's. I must take a un; and strike a pick in it, if only for luck."
and strike a pick in it, if only for luck."
and said: "Strange, ain't it, you should speak of it to night. Now, I call that queer."

He laid down his cards and gazed mysterious ly at his companion. Uncle Jim knew perfeetly that Uncle Billy had regularly once a week for many years declared his final determination to go over to Angel's and prospect his claim, yet nevertheless he half responded to his partner's suggestion of mystery, and a look of fatuous wonder crept into his eyes. But he contented himself by saying, cautiously, "You

spoke of it first."
"That's the more sing'lar," said Uncle Billy. confidently. "And I've been thinking about it and kinder seein' myself that all day. It's mighty queer." He got up and began to rummage among some torn and coverless books in

"Where's that dream book gone to?" "The Carson boys borrowed it," replied Uncle Jim. "Anyhow, yours wasn't no dream—only a kind o' vision, and the book don't take no stock in visions." Nevertheless, he watched his partner with some sympathy, and added: "That reminds me that I had a dream the other night of being in 'Frisco at a small hotel, with heaps o' money, and all the time being sort o'

seared and bewildered over it," "No!" said his partner easerly, yet reproachfully. "You never let on anything about it to me! It's mighty queer you havin' these strange feelin's for I've had 'em myself. And only tonight, comin' up from the spring, I saw two crows hopping in the trail, and I says if I see another it's luck, sure! And you'll think I'm lyin', but when I went to 'he wood pile just now there was the third one sittin' up on a log as plain as I see you. Tell ye what, folks kin laugh but that's just what Jim Filgee saw the night afore he made the big strike!"

They were both smiling, yet with an underlying credulity and seriousness as singularly

pathetic as it seemed incongruous to their years and intelligence. Small wonder, however, that in their occupation and environment-living daily in an atmosphere of hope, expectation and chance, looking forward cach morning to the blind stroke of a pick that might bring fortune -they should see signs in nature and hear mystic voices in the trackless woods that surmystic voices in the trackless woods that surrounded them. Still iess strange that they were peculiarly susceptible to the more recognized diversions of chance, and were gamblers on the turning of a card and who trusted to the revelation of a shoveful of upturace carth.

It was quite natural, therefore, that they should return from their abstract form of divination to the table and their cards. But they were serrely seated before they heard a crackling step in the brush outside, and the free latch of their door was lifted. A younger member of the camp entered, the uttered a peevish "Halloo!" which might have passed for a greether, or might have been a shrut protest at finding the door closed, drew the stool from which I nele Jim had just risen before the fire, shook his wet clothes like a Newfoundland dog, and sat down. Yet he was by no means churlish or coarse looking, and this act was rather one of casygoing, sellish, youthful familiarity than of rudeness. The cabin of Uncles Billy and Jim was considered a public right or "common" of the camp. Conferences between individual miners were appointed.

there. "Til meet you at Uncle Billy's" was a common tryst. Added to this was a tacit claim upon their advisory or arbitrative bowers, or lice equal right to request them to stop outside if the laterylews were of a private nature. Yet there was nover any objection on the part of the partners, and to night there was not a shadow of resentment of this intrusion in the patient, good humored, tolerant eyes of Uncles Ilm and Hilly as they gazed at their guest. Perhaps there was a sight gleam of relief in Uncled Ilm's when he found that the guest was unaccompanied by any one, and that it was not a tryst. It would have been unpleasant for the two partners to stay out in the rain walle their guests were exchanging private confidences in their cabin. While there might have been on to their capacity for exposure.

Uncle Jim drew a huge log from behind the hearth and sat on the driest end of it while their guest occupied the stool. The young man, without turning away from his discontented, prevish brooding over the fire, vaguely reached backward for the whiskey bottle and Uncle Billy it in cup, to which he was assisted by the latter's hospitable band. But on setting down the cup his eye caught sight of the pill box.

"Wot's that!" he said, with gloomy scorn.
"Rat polson!"

"Quinine pills—agin ager," said Uncle Jim, "Wo know—one-half of all that Dick."
"Your half share of the claim—of this yes house, you know—one-half of all that Dick."
"Wo last share of the claim of the pill box.
"Your half share of the claim of the special uncle Illy wing any one and the property of the claim of the partners are the chaim agin the limit \$5.0,000—to square up.
"Your half share of the claim of this yes house, you know—one-half of all that Dick."

box.

"Wot's that!" he said, with gloomy scorn.

"Rat poison!"

"Quinine wills—agin ager," said Uncle Jim,

"The newest thing out. Keeps out damp like
Indis rubber. Take one ter foller yer whiskey.

Me and thele fillly wouldn't think o' settin
down quiet like in the evening arter work
without ent. Take one—yer welcome. We
keep 'em out here for the boys."

Accustomed as the partners were to adopt and
wear each other's opinions before folks, as
they did each other's clothing, Uncle Hilly
was, nevertheless, astonished and delighted at
Uncle Jim's enthusiasm over his pills. The
guest took one and swallowed it.

"Mighty bitter," he said, glancing at his hosts
with the quick Californian suspicion of some
practical joke. But the honest faces of the
partners reassured him.

"That bitterness ye taste," said Uncle Jim,
quickly, "is what the thing's gettin in its
work. Sorter siekenin' the malaria—and kinder
waterproofin' the insides all to onet and at
the same lick. Don't yer see! Put another in
yer vest backet. You'll be cryin' for 'em like
a child afore ye get home. That. Well, how's
things agoin' on your claim, Dick! Boomin'!"

The guest raised his head and turned it sufficiently to film his answer back over his

yer vest pocket. You'll be cryin' for 'em like a child afore ye get home. Thar. Well, how's things agoin on your claim, Dick! Boomin'!"

The guest raised his head and turned it sufficiently to filing his answer back over his shoulder at his hosts. "I don't know what you'll call boomin," he said, gloomliy. "I suppose you two men sitting here comfortably by the fire, without caring whether school keeps or not, would call two feet of backwarer over one's claim 'boomin'. I reckon you'd consider a hundred and fifty feet of sluicing carried away and drifting to thunder down the South Flah something in the way of advertising your old camp. I suppose you'd think it was an inducement to investors. I shouldn't wonder,' he added, still more gloomily, as a sudden dash of rain down the wide-throated chimney dropped in his tin cup—"and it would be just like you two, sittin' there gourmandizing over your quinine, if yer said this rain, that's lasted three weeks, was something to be proud of."

It was the cheerful and satisfying custom of the rest of the camp, for no reason whatever, to hold Uncle Jim and Uncle Hilly responsible for its present location, its vicissitudes, the weather, or any convulsion of nature, and it was equally the partners' habit, for no reason whatever, to accept these animadversions and abologize.

"It's a rain that's soft and mellowin," said Uncle Hilly greyt these animadversions and abologize.

"It's a rain that's soft and mellowin," said Uncle Hilly greyt these animadversions and abologize.

"It's a rain that's soft and mellowin," said Uncle Hilly greyt ever notice that you get inter a kind o' sweaty lather workin' in it! Sorter openin' to the ores:"

Thetic guest laughed bitterly, "Well, I'm going to leave it to you. I reckon to cut the whole concern to-morrow and light out for something new. It can't be worse than this."

The two partners looked grieved, aithough they were accustomed to these outbursts. Everybody who thought of going away from Cedar Canp used it first as a threat to these patient m

men, after the fashion of runaway nephews, or made an exemplary scene of their going.

"Hetter think twice before ye go," said Uncle Billy.

"I've seen worse wenther afore ye came," said Uncle Jim slowly. "Water all over the bar; the mud so deep ye couldn't got to Angel's for a sack of flour, and we had to grub on pine nuts and Jackass rabbits. And yet—we stuck by the camp, and here we are!

The nilld answer apparently goaded their guest to fury. He rose from his handsome but querulous face and scattered a few drops on the partners. "Yes, that's just it. That's what gets me! Here you stick, and here you are! And here you'll stick and rust until you starve or drown! Here you are, two men who ought to be out in the world, playing your part as grown men, stuck here like children playing house' in the woods—playing work in your wretched mudple ditches, and content. Two men not so old that you mightn't be taking your part in the fun of the world, going to balls or theatres, or paying attention to grils, and yet old enough to have married and have your families around you, content to stay in this God-forsaken place, old bachelors, playing together like poorhouse paupers. That's what gets me! Say you like it! Say you expect by hanging on to make a strike—and what does that smount to! What are your chances! How many of us have minde, or are making, more than grub wages! Say you're willing to share and share alike as you do—have you got enough for two! Aren't you actually living off each other! Aren't you grinding each other down, choking each other's struggles, as you sink together deeper and deeper in the mud of this cussed camp! And while you're doing this aren't you, by your age and position here, holding out hopes to others that you know can't be fulfilled."

Accustomed as they were to the likif-querulous, half humorous, but always extravagant, criticism of the others, there was something so new in this arraignment of themselves that the partners for a moment sat silent. There was a slight paleness on Uncle Hilly's

in which each partner successively drew the candle to his side to examine his cards, Uncle Jim said:

"Say?"

"Well!" responded Uncle Billy.

"Are you sure that you saw that third crow on the woodpile!"

"Sure as I see you now—and a derned sight plainer. Why?"

"Nothin'. I was just thinkin'. Look here! How do we stand now?"

Uncle Hilly was still losing. Nevertheless, he said cheerfully, "I'm owin' you a matter of \$60,000.

Uncle Jim examined the book abstractedly. "Suppose," he said slowly, but without looking at his partner, "suppose, as it's gettin' late now, we play for my half share of the claim agin the lund \$50,000—to square m."

"Your half share?" repeated Uncle Hilly wing smused incredulity.

"My half share of the claim—of this yer house, you know—one half of all that Dick. Bullen calls our rotten starvation property," reiterated Uncle Jim with a half smile.

Uncle Hilly laughed. It was a novel idea; it was, of course, "all in the nir." like the rest of their game, yet even then he had an odd feeling that he would have liked bick Bullen to have known it. "Wade in, old pard," he said, "I'm on it.

"I'mee Jim lit another candle to reinforce the fading light, and the dead fell to Uncle Hilly. "He turned up jack of clubs. He also turned a little redder as he took up his cards, looked at them, and glanced martly at his martner. "It'e no use playin;" he said, "Look here." He laid down his cards on the table. They were the oce, king, and queen of clubs, and jack of spades, or left bower, which, with the turned-up jack of clubs. or right bower, comprised all the winning cards.

"He jim's, also, bad a slight tremulous light in his one.

"Oh, no, I didn't see no three crows this afternoon!" added Uncle Hilly gleefuily, as his partner, in turn, began to shuffle the cards with laborius and concentrations executives. Then begins and conventrations continued and concentrations and conventrations executive."

money, chi? and his eyes sparkled. Uncle Jim's, also, had a slight tremulous light in his one.

"Oh, no, I didn't see no three crows this aftermonn!" added Uncle Billy gleefully, as his partner, in turn, began to shuffle the cards with laborious and conscientfous exactitude. Then dealing, he turned up a heart for trumps. Uncle Billy took up his cards one by one, but when he had fini-hed his face had become as nale as it had been red before.

"What's the matter?" said Uncle Jim, quickly, his own face growing white.

Uncle Billy slowly, and with breathless awe, had down his cards, face up, on the table. It was exactly the sequence in hearts, with the knave of diamonds added. He could again take every trick.

They stared at each other with vacant faces and a half-drawn suile of fear. They could hear the winn moaning in the trees beyond there was a sudder rattlifer at the door. Uncle Billy started to his feet, but Uncle Jim caught his arm. Thout leave the cards! It's only the wind; sit down, he said, in a low, awe hushed volce: "It's your deat; you were two before, and two now, that makes you four; von 've only one point to make to win the game. Go on."

They both poured out a cup of whiskey, smiling vaguety, yet with a certain terror in their eyes. Their hands were coid; the cards slipped from Uncle Billy's benumbed fingers; when he had shuffled them he passed them to his partner to shuffle them also, but did not speak. When Uncle Jim had shuffled them methodically he handed them back fatefully to his, partner. Uncle Billy dealt them with a tremulously haid down the ace and right and left bowers. He had woi!

A feeling of relief came over each, and they laughed by sterically and discordantly. Ridiculous and children has their contest might have seemed to a looker-on, to each the tension had been as great as that of the greatest gambler, without looking up.

A feeling of relief came over each, and they laughed by sterically and discordantly. Ridiculous and children has their contest in his owe of the early would ha

a little petulantly. "Let's turn in-afore the fire goes out."

The fateful cards were put back in the drawer the table shoved against the wall. The operation of undressing was quickly got over, the clothes they were being put on top of their blankets. Uncle Billy yawned. "I wonder what kind of a dream I'll have to night—to oughter be suthin' to explain that luck." This was his "good-night" to his partner. In a few moments he was sound asleep.

Not so Uncle Jim. He heard the wind gradually go down, and in the oppressive silence that followed could detect the deep breathing of his companion and the far-off yelp of a coyote. His eyesight becoming accustomed to the semi-darkness, broken only by the scintillation of the dying embers of their fire, he could take in every detail of their soudid cabin, and skight shows on Uncirc Hilly's cheek, there were alight subsers on Uncel Hills. Mos. He was a slight subsers on Uncel Hills. How Let have been a single subsers on Uncel Hills. How Let have seen on his face before. He was a strain of the hilly shoulder, with his hand reating on Lucel Hilly's shoulder, with his hand reating on Lucel Hilly's shoulder, and had hand the he was demand to his how hand. The his hand reating the was the his hand reating the work of his long hair. "Hand the his hand hand had had he had had he had he

They both stared at the chimney, but Uncle Jim's eyes followed the wall around to the bunks. There were many discolarations on the canvas, and a pieure of the godies of liberty from an illustrated paper had broken out in a kind of damp, neasy eruption. "Ill stick that funny hanchilt of the 'washin' soda'! got at the grocery store the other day right over the liberty gal. It's a mighty perry weman washin with short sleeves, said I nele Billy. "That's the comfort of them pieters, you kin always git somethin new—and it adds thickness to the wall."

Uncle Jim went back to the cards in silence. After a moment he rises again, and hung his overcoat against the door.

"Wind's comin in, he said briefly." "Yes, 'said I nele Billy cheerfully, 'but it wouldn't seem natral it there wasn't that crack in the door to let the sunlight in o promine the streak o' light's in that comes I say.

Wesn the streak o' light's in that comes I say.